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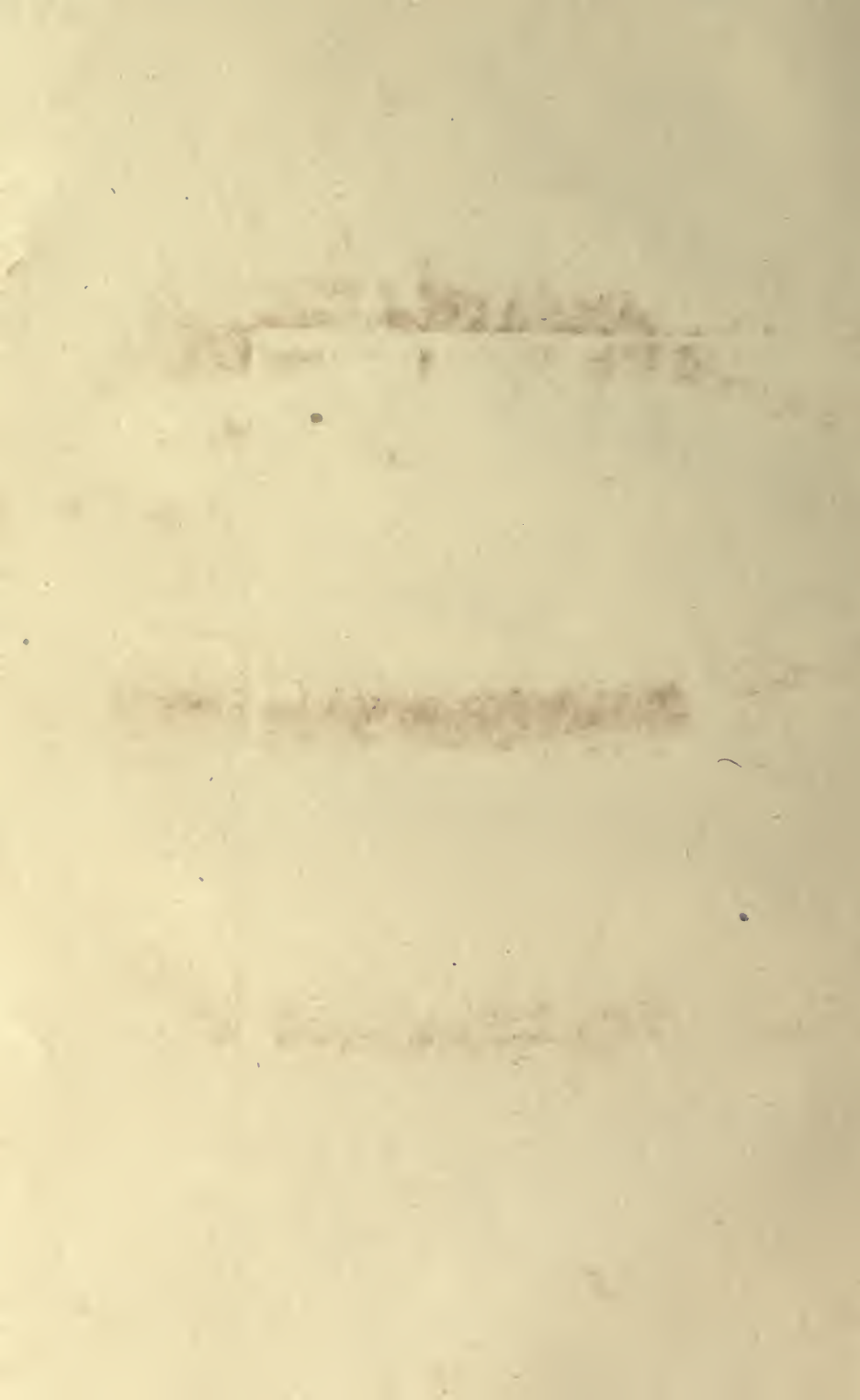
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Hungarian Club

No. III. (1873) 2

THE
KNAVE OF CLUBBES

BY
SAMUEL ROWLANDS.



REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION
1600

PRINTED FOR THE HUNGARIAN CLUB

THE K N A V E O F Clubbes.



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Printed at London for *W. Ferebrand*, and are to be
sold at his shop in Popes-head Pallace.

1609.

THE
KNAVE OF
CLUBS

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TO
FVSTIS *Knaue of*
Clubs.



VSTIS, the humors of a Knaue,
To thee I dedicate;
Which hath bine christned knaue of
By Gentlemen of late: (Clubs
For thy notorious swaggering life,
Thou liu'ft about the Towne;
And Fleete-street fraies, when Prentices
With Clubs did knocke thee downe:
Thy tricks, and feates thou hast at cards,
To cut vpon a Knaue,
That let a man drawe where he will,
Thy picture he shall haue.
Thy haunting of the Dicing-house,

A 2

To

The knaue of clubs.

To cheate a liuing theare,
The Panders profit out of Whoores,
For whome thou't fight and sweare,
Thy bould and brafen fac'd exploit
In want, some quoine to get,
At Bedlem-bowling alley late,
Where Cittizens did bet:
And threw their mony on the ground,
To which thou didst incline,
And taking vp an angell, fwore
By God this game is mine.
While they vpon each other looke,
Not knowing what to fay,
Clubs calles (come firha) to his man,
And goes with quoyne away.
These and a thousand villanies,
Which now I will omit,
Hath got Thee placed captaine heere
Because thou merrits it,
March in the fore-front of my booke,
And say I vse thee kinde,
A crew of mad-men, knaues and fooles,
Thy fellowes come behinde.

S. R.

A whoore

The Knaue of Clubs.

A Whoore-monger.

AN ancient wooer matcht himfelfe for gold,
Vnto a widdow foure-score winters old,
Whose wholfome mony, did beget good will,
She brought him bags, 4. husbands help'd to fill
As arrant misers as the earth containes,
Which with their moyling care, & peffant paines
Had scraped thousands, yet euen fuch they were,
As ISIS Affe which loads of gold did beare,
And was himfelfe an obieft toyling beaft,
Burdned with that which he inioyed leaft.
This golden Grandham lou'd a cup of facke,
Which her kind husband would not fee her lack:
but willingly a nights would make her drunke,
Because indeed he kept a feruant puncke,
Who when her miftris had it in the hed,
Would come and creep into her Maifters bed.
This held out long, vntill one night, kinde IONE
Hearing her maifter cough, and Miftris grone,
Prepard herfelfe (the cough was ftill his call)
To tell the naked truth fhe ftript of all.

A 3

And

The Knaue of Clubs.

And comming like a Wench of willing sprite,
To doe her Maisters businesse in the night,
Such tumbling in the Bed (belike) did keepe,
She wak'd her quiet Mistris out of sleepe.
Who was by this recouer'd in the braine,
And gotten sober by her sleepe againe.
Perceiuing plainely how the matter went,
And why the kindenes of the facke was ment,
Starts vp and cries, ah Whore, am I your bawde?
Out wicked Knaue, and with her Nailes be clawd
Them cruelly, that Wench and Maister bled,
Then with her feete she spurn'd them out of bed,
The violence of that fame furious fall,
Threw them both down, with chamber-pot & all,
So that the scratching, wash'd with filthy smell,
Did kill the Itch, like whipping in Bride-well.

A Pander.



The Knaue of Clubs.



A Pander.



Countrie blew-coate Seruing-man,
In Tearme-time sent to Towne:
Would range the Citie for some
To carry with him downe. (newes
At length he got into More-feldes,
Viewing the Walkes and Trees:

And thence to Garden-Alley goes,
Where at a Dore hee sees,
A Puncke prepar'd for passengers,
Set out for baudie sale,
Who smiling faide, kinde Gentleman,
Bestow some Bottle-Ale
Vpon me, if you loue a Wench,
Whome you shall ready finde.
To couteruaile your curtesie,
In what you will, moste kinde.

Some

The knaue of clubs.

Some bottle-ale (quoth he) where i't?
Ha'ft any neere at hand?
Yes fir (saide she) I pray come in:
Thus she was seruing-mand.
He sits him downe into a chaire,
And to his liquor falles,
While she vnto her maid for cakes,
Stewd prunes, and pippins calles:
Which being brought them, downe she sits,
And as they both imbrace,
A swaggering rogue breakes open dore,
And's Rapier did vncafe,
Villain (quoth he) and damned whore,
Before the Lord you die,
For this deflowring of my wife,
VVhat hast thou to reply?
Sir said the clowne you doe me wrong,
Vpon me thus to raile,
As I came by she cald me in,
To drinke some bottle-ale,
And by this bread I touch'd no more,
But only hand and lip:
No, saide the Ruffian, speake you whoore,
And looke thou doost not trip,
Else had you thousand liues you dye,
Shee falling downe with speed,
Cri'de out, deere husband pardon me,
We haue bene nought in deede.
Sirra what say you now (quoth he)

She

The Knaue of Clubs.

Shee hath confest it plaine;
Villaine thou dyest: oh hould (sayes he)
Heare me one word againe,
Fiue pounce is all the coyne I haue
That will I freely giue,
Heere take it fir with all my heart,
So you will let me liue:
Fiue pound (quoth he) dost think ile sell
My reputation so?
Fiue hundred will not satisfie,
My wife was chaste (I knowe)
Before thou broughtst her vnto this,
Speake didst offend before?
Neuer kinde husband (qd. the whore)
Nor nere will wrong you more.
Well, huswife well, your tears preuaile
Ioynd with a faithfull vow,
Giue me fiue pound, and for this time
Ile pocket al vp now.
You seeme an honest simple man;
Refraine to tempt mens wiues:
The only cause I let you liue
Is to amend your liues.

The knaue of clubs.



A Sharke



TWo hungry Sharkes did trauell Paules,
Vntill their guts cride out,
& knew not how, with both their wits,
To bring one meale about:

Saies one to tother, what coyne ha'ft?

My famisht entralls grones,

I finde but hungry dyet heere,

Amongst these rotten bones:

He did reply, faith not a crosse

To blesse me in this case,

I must goe seeke to mend my selfe,

In

The knave of clubs

In some more wholesome place.
And I but one poore penny haue,
In all the world is mine,
(Quoth tother) but I'll try my wits,
How that can make me dine.
So towards Smithfield he departs,
Vnto a Cookes thereby,
And calleth for his Can of beere,
The boy comes presently,
And brings it him: Sir said the youth,
Will't please you eat a bit?
I'll fetch a daintie slice of beefe,
Is hot vpon the spit.
Sirha (qd. he) *why do and twoot*,
Which nimble Iacke did bring,
And he as nimbly eat it vp,
Yet still his guts did wring.
Iack fees al gone, faies Gentleman,
Wilt please you tast good cheefe?
I boy an twoo't (quoth he againe)
Thought Sharke, this well agrees
With my most woefull stomacks state,
So Iacke with cheefe comes in,
And that was soone deuowred vp

The knave of clubs,

Euen as the beefe had bin,
Being thus dispatcht, he laies down Iack
A penny for the shot,
Sir what shal this do said the boy?
Why rogue discharge my pot:
So much I cald for, but the rest
By me shall nere be paid,
For victuals thou didst offer me,
Do and thou woot I said.
Iacke seeing he no more would pay,
Vnto his maister went,
And tould him there was one within,
That had much vittails spent,
And would not see the house dischargd,
The Cooke vnto him goes,
Requesting him of curtesie
To pay the debt he owes:
Sir said the swagg'rer, I protest,
I cald but for a Can,
According to the coine I had,
As I am Gentleman,
My hunger was exceeding great,
Your boy did offer beefe,
And bread, and cheefe, which when I heard,

Vnto

The knaue of clubs.

Vnto my stomacks grieffe,
Quoth I, why bring it boy and t'woot,
Leauing it to his will,
Which he did bring, as if he meant,
My hungry corps to fill.
I could not chuse but feede thereon,
(This is the truth mine Hoast)
Yet score it vp, when God sends coyne,
I will discharge your poast.
The Cooke sees nothing to be had,
Lets him depart away,
Who meets his fellow Sharke,
In Paules againe next day,
And tould him how exceeding well,
He for his penny sped,
On roasted beefe, good bread & cheefe,
Only for that he fed,
Preethee (quoth he) but tell me where?
That Hoast shall sure be mine,
Marry (saies he) in such a place,
A Cooke at such a signe:
Go there, and call but for a Can,
And there's a dapper knaue,
Comes, gentleman, what daintie bit

The knave of clubs,

For dyet will you haue?
A stately peece of roasted beefe,
Fine cheefe, what will you eat?
Then say you, sirha *I an t'woot*
You neede not pay for's meat.
Oh excellent (quoth he) Il'e goe,
Such simple fooles to gull,
And spend a pot withall my heart,
To fill my belly full.
Away he walkes vnto the house,
To feede him on the iest,
Sirra (saies he) a Can of beere,
And looke you bring the best:
The boy according to his vse,
Returnes with nimble speede,
Saying, Gentleman i't your desire,
On fine roast beefe to feede?
Fine beefe (quoth he) *I boy an t'woot*
The boy runs downe amaine,
Cries maister, come, bring *Tom & Georg*,
Heeres *I an t'woot* againe:
His maister brings vp both his men,
In all the haste might be,
And *I an t'woot* bebasted so,

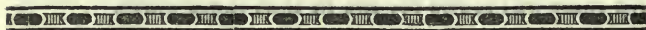
He

The Knaue of Clubs

He had no eyes to see,
They larded and begreafd his bones,
Vntill his shoulders sweate,
And gaue him fower fawce good store,
Vnto his fellowes meat.



A politique Theefe



Mongst free-booters by the hie-way-side,
Such as mens purses wofully misguide,
Vnto some Inne the owner neuer ment,
To be beyond a Lordships lowance spent,
A Gentleman that could dispend by yeare,
Fiue hundred pounds (when purchase came in
Whose liuing onely made him to repine, (cleere)
Because the Hangman was to haue a fine,
At Burstow-cawfie, Gads-hill and Coome-parke,
Had taken vp about some hundred-marke,
With which to London he was forced to flye,
And get him cleere of fearefull *Hue and Cry*,
Meeting with one iust of his owne dispose,

With

The knave of clubs.

With him he plotted to escape his foes,
And tould him in what tearmes his case did stand,
What extreame danger eminent at hand,
But (saith he) if thou wilt affoord consent,
My policie their purpose shall preuent.
Ile frame a Bill that I am in thy debt,
And to the same an *Ante date* will set,
Thou shalt arrest me, Il'e to counter go,
And they may search, vntill their hearts ake so,
No man will looke for me in that same place,
T'will be my castle for some three moneths space,
while they search Tauerne, rifle victualing-howse,
There I secure will drink a healths carowse,
This was agreed vnto the bill was made,
Purse-taker was arested, there he staide,
Vntill no further danger did appeare,
Then with his creditor the debt did cleere,
and being discharg'd, they to a tauerne went,
Quoth plotter heere's an angell ro be spent
Onely in kindenes, prethee backe restore,
What I haue paid in iest, fix Angels more
The other wisht, God might his soule confound,
If he gaue backe a penny of that three pound,
I sau'd thy life (qd. he) and will be paid,

Although

The knave of clubs.

Although the plot thereof by thee was lai'd,
Th' effecting it by me thou didst obtaine,
Nay, I haue venter'd hanging for my paine:
And do'st thou think ten shillings spent in wine,
Sufficient pay for this good turne of mine?
My staying heere in towne to pleasure thee,
Is many purse out of the way to mee,
Had bene mine owne as sure as this is plate:
Drinke, no more words, a penny I'le not bate.
Quoth tother, wilt not? and his poniard drew,
Stabs at him, saying, villain thou shalt rew
This cheating of a better man then thou:
Saies t'other, th'art an arrant theefe I vow,
Drawing his dagger, wounding him againe,
With that, house-guests prest in the roome amain,
And vnderstanding how their quarrell grew,
The robbery, and plot that did ensue,
The falling out for challenging three pound,
They present were for newgate voyage bound:
From thence vp Holborne-hill they were con-
And so at Tiburne al the quarrell staid. (uaide,

A Cun

The knaue of clubs.

*A cunning man alias coufening
knaue.*



shifting knaue about the towne,
Did challenge wondrous skill:
To tell mens fortunes & good haps,
He had the starres at will.
What day was best to trauell on,
Which fit to chuse a wife,
If violent, or naturall,
a man should end his life.
Successe of any sute in law,
Which parties cause preuailes
whē it is good to pick ones teeth
And ill to pare his nailes.
So cunningly he plaid the knaue,
That he deluded many,
With shifting, base and coufening tricks,
For skill he had not any.
Amongst a crew of simple guls,

That

The Knaue of Clubs.

That plid'e him to their cost,
A Butcher comes and craues his helpe,
That had some cattell loft,
Ten groats he gaue him to his fee,
And he to coniure goes,
With characters, & vocables,
and diuers antique shewes.
The Butcher in a beastly feare,
Expected spirits still,
And wisht himselfe within his shop,
Some sheepe or calfe to kill:
His coloure changed red and pale,
The sweate ran downe his face,
and by the smell a man might iudge,
His hose in filthy case.
at length forth of an od blinde hole,
Behinde a painted cloth,
a Deuill comes with roaring voice,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
VVith squibs and crackers all about,
VVilde-fire he did send,
which swaggring *Ball* (the butchers dog)
So highly did offend,
That he vpon the Deuill flies,

And

The Knaue of Clubs.

And flakes his hornes so fore,
Euen like an Oxe (most terrible)
He made *Hobgoblin* roare,
The cunning man, cries, Gods loue help,
Vnto your mastiffe call,
Fight Dog, fight Deuill (butcher said)
And claps his hands at *Ball*,
The Dog most cruell tore his flesh,
The Deuill went to wracke,
And looked like a totterd rogue,
With ne're a rag on's backe:
Giue me my mony backe againe,
Thou flaue, the butcher said,
Or I will see your Deuils heart,
Before he can be laid:
He gets not backe againe to hell,
Ere I my mony haue,
Nay, and I will haue intrest too,
Besides mine owne I gaue.
Deliuer first mine owne ten groats,
And then a crowne to boote,
I smell your Deuils kuauery out,
He wants a clouen foote,
The Coniurer with all his heart,

The



The knaue of clubs,

The mony backe repaies,
and giues fve fhillings of his owne,
To whome the Butcher saies,
Farewell most scuruy Coniurer,
Think on my valiant deede,
Which haue done more then English *George*,
That made the Dragon bleede:
He and his Horfe the story tells,
Did but a Serpent flay:
I and my Dog, the Deuill spoil'd,
We two haue got the day.



The knaue of clubs.



Brawling contention,



VVo rayling creatures fell at strife,
and such a clamour made,
That people passing by, stood still,
To hearken what they saide.

amongst the rest a woman comes,
Demaunding of the rout,
I pray (quoth she) what is the cause,
Of all this falling out?
One presently made answere thus,
You are a whore (quoth he)
Thou art an arrand scuruy knaue,
and rascall rogue (saide she)
Why thus (quoth he) these two fell out,
The quarrell that they haue,
Began at first as we do now,
VWith calling whoore and knaue.

Maister

The knave of clubs,



Maister make-shift.

A Needy Poet of a poore complexion,
VVhose purse was sick of very long infectiō,
That writ (as beggars craue an almes) for need,
Oft wanting meat when he would gladly feede,
(VVho when he traueled to *Parnafsus* hill,
VVas much beholden to tobacco still,
For how so e're his chimney wanted fire,
His nose was smoking to his hearts desire)
Come's to a tauerne, where he vnderstood,
A dinner was prepar'd exceeding good,
For diuers gentlemen, of which kinde crew,
Some halfe a doozen very friends he knew,
So boldly did intrude into the place,
VVith hungry stomack, and a brafen face,
They welcome him, and kindly do intreat
To do as they do, sit him downe and eat,
VVhich wholesome word no repetition needs,
For like a starueling, he falles to and feedes:

Little

The knaue of clubs.

Little discourse long time he could afford,
But answers, true sir, vnto euery word:
Tis right forfooth, and so againe crammes in,
As if a fortnight he had fasting bin:
Plying his victuals thus an houre at least,
Like vnto *VVolnor* that same rauening beast:
His pudding-houfe at length began to swell,
And he tooke leasure some strange lies to tell:
And those he sweares vnto by cups of wine,
(For now to liquor he doth whole incline)
Well, growing late they for a reckning call,
and Vintners boy brings vp a bill of all,
So euery man doth cast his mony downe,
Ten groats, 3. shillings, other some their crowne:
VWhich all vpon a trencher was conuaid
To Poet pennileffe, and him they prai'd
To make the shot: nay Gentlemen (quoth he)
I do intreat you all to pardon me,
I'le spend my crowne, and put his hand in's hofe,
where not a penny could be found, God knowes:
While still they sweare that he shal make the shot
at last the mony in his hand he got,
and rising, to the fidlers turnes about,
Come on (quoth he) what new thing is come out?

Sure

The knave of clubs,

Sure Gentlemen (said they) we haue not any,
Then sing me, I could fancy louely *Nanny*,
(And heere is for you, Ile but goe and leake,
Call for a pot, there's not a rogue will speake)
So takes his cloake and downe the staires away,
With all the mony was laid downe to pay:
The Gentlemen suspecting no such thing,
Discourse together, and the fidders sing,
Vntill they misse their Poet ouer-long,
Who tooke his leaue most kindly with a song:
They knocke and call and send to seeke belowe,
But whats become of him, there's none doth know
Hee's gone to walke, his dinner to digest,
Of all the mony they laid downe possesse,
Some fiftie shillings the had gotten cleare,
In curtezie, for al the great good cheare.
Now euery man must to his purse againe,
In Vintners debt, and Fidders they remaine,
Some sweare, some swagger, others laugh thereat,
Wishing the reckning would make thin-gut fat:
A pox vpon this Poet one did curse,
He hath not left a penny in my purse:
Fiue shillings not a farthing more I had,
And thus be-guld, doth make me almost mad,

D

With

The knave of clubs,

With all my heart I'le spend a crowne, or twaine,
To meete the rascall in my dish againe:
I would bestab his skin, like dublet cuts,
And garter vp his stockings with his guts.
Then downe the staires the villain should be toft
Like to a footeball in a winters froft.
Gentlemen faies another, silence now,
T'is but a folly to protest and vow,
Although plaine dealing be a iewell still,
We must vse double dealing gainst our will:
And pay our shot again was paid before,
For yet you see we stand vppon the score:
VVe are well seru'd if things be rightly scand,
To put our reckning into *Make-shifts* hand.
But laugh it out, least we be laughd to scorne,
Good wits are worthy to haue charges borne.



Gull

The knawe of clubs.

A Gull.



ne wittily describ'd a Gull,
In different fort and kinde,
and to the life doth paint a fop,
For eyes that are not blinde,
His first Gull feares a filken wench,
Her veluet gowne doth scare him,
Another weares a siluer hilt;
Yet euey boy will dare him;
Next commeth fashions *Iack-an-apes*
A Gull compos'd of pride,
That hath his goodnes in good cloathes,
And nothing good beside.
And lastly hee's a Gull of Guls,
That makes an outward seeming,
Yet hath not one poore ounce of wit,
That's worth wife mens esteeming,
But vnto these let's ad a Gul,
That's very late found out,
VVill spend his liuing, land, & wealth,
To finde conclusions out,
Heel'e make you bread of pompion feedes,

D 2

Shall

The Knaue of Clubs

Shall far excell all wheat,
And with a kinde of burning glasse,
In Sunne, roast any meat,
Heel'e teach an ape to speake good french,
Iacke-daw to write and read,
And has a tricke to vse a Cat,
That she shall Ferrets breede,
Yet these are all inferiour things,
To those his wit hath found,
Such secrets neuer were disclos'd,
Vpon this earthly ground,
For shortly he intends to flie,
One wing is almost made,
To put downe simple *Dedalus*,
He doth himselfe perswade.
But see how wise ingenious men,
Do often ouer-flip!
A craftier knaue then he (of late)
Had got him on the hip,
Which fould him a famelier sprite,
A Deuill in a box,
An artificiall flie of filke,
(A deuill with a pox)
For this my Gull giues twenty pound,

Would

The knave of clubs.

(Would I might fell him flies)
But he should learne besides forfooth,
To make a deuill rife,
This was allowed to the match,
And he must fall to charme,
So both against the pointed day,
Themselues for spirits arme,
The Gull gets on a furplis,
With a crosse vpon his breast,
Like *Allen* playing *Faustus*,
In that manner he was drest:
And hauing all his furniture,
He steps into the ring,
Saies his instructor stir not out,
I must goe fetch a thing
Is left belowe, I needes must haue
So out of dore he hies,
Vnto an officer hard by,
Saying sir in any wise,
Come with all expedition,
I will bring you to a place,
Where a most wicked creature is,
A wretch that wanteth grace,
Raifing of deuills, which you know,

The knaue of clubs

The law dooth straight forbid,
The action is so horrible,
I durst not keep it hid,
The officer in all the hast,
Vnto the house repaires,
And his director wills him goe,
Directly vp the staires:
Meane while, himselfe slips cleane away,
The Constable comes in:
And in the Kings name chargeth him,
To ceasse his hellish sin,
Art thou a rayfing deuils heere,
I charge thee to obay me,
Quoth Gull, if I should stir a foote,
Ten thousand spirits would slay me,
Keepe out my circle, come not neare,
Say you faire warning haue,
Depart before the Deuill comes,
Least hell be made thy graue,
Ile raise the ghost of *Hercules*,
Shall braine thee with his club,
Dost thou not see a smoake appeare?
Why now comes *Belzebub*,
I coniure thee be gone I say,

Depart

The Knaue of Clubs

Depart by *Fee, Fa, Fum*:
Now *Rago, Crago* is at hand,
Look wher his hornes do come.
The officer imagining,
He saw something arife,
Ran downe the staires halfe mad with feare,
And helpe, clubs, halberds cries:
So apprehended him presently,
And carries him away,
Vnto a Iustice, where the foole
Had not a word to fay,
But onely that he ment no harme,
And would a deuill see,
Why quoth the Maiestrate, thou shalt,
I'll send thee wheré they be,
Incarnate deuils, such as do
Assume a humane shape:
To newgate with him presently,
For playing *Plutoes* ape,
where when he came he found the knaue
That taught him coniuration,
Villain (quoth he) base rogue and flaue,
Is this your charming fashon?
To coufen me of twenty pounds,

And

The knaue of clubs

And bring me heere to hell?
Kinde Gentleman (faide he) forbear,
Il'e recompence you well,
Of purpose I haue met you heere,
Because you shall see arte,
To morrow by a spirits helpe,
VVe both from hence will part.
And all things I haue promis'd you,
Shall be performd at full,
So next day got himselfe releas'd,
And there leaues goodman Gull.

A Cuckold.

A Cittyte wanton full of pride and lust,
Of *Venus* straine and disposition iust,
That could her husband on the fore-head
And make his browe to swell *Ateon* like, (strike,
Yet he poore feely man, ne're felt it smart,
But tooke al kinde that came from his sweet-heart,
Had two choise friends to sport herselfe withal,
Two cousens, you may cuckold-makers call:
The one a Captaine and a martiall wight,

VWas

The knaue of clubs.

Was champion in his mistris cause to fight,
And for the seruice that he did by day,
She did reward him with a nightly pay.
The other was a courtier gallant, braue,
That great content to her sweet person gaue:
Her deere *Adonis*, quick and pleasant witted,
VVith these, the vertuous cittizen was fitted:
To them she gaue kinde entertainment still,
Hauing a maid sortd vnto her will,
VVhich for the seruice she did much applaud,
Being her mistris craftie cunning baud,
A trusty messenger from each to other,
VVho for her paines got mony, and the tother
They call good turne, which *Betteris* would not
Because her seruice did deferue such fees (leefe,
The courtier one time hauing vnderstood,
By cuckolds absence, how the time was good,
To goe a grafting, hyes him to the place,
Where he might giue loues mistris, loues em-
while he was in his courtly complements, (brace.
The maid comes in, and heauy newes presents,
Saying the captaine was a comming in,
VVhich to the courtier euer foe had bin,
For they bare hatred of a icalous spite,

E

And

The knaue of clubs.

And each had vowd where e're they met, to fight,
Oh loue (quoth she) creep vnderneath the bed,
This is no fighting place, sweet hide thy hed,
For loue of chrift keep you vnseene afunder,
Well for this time (quoth he) I will creepe vnder,
Because thy name in question shall not bee,
Else would I dye on him for loue of thee.
So vp comes Captaine and he falles to court,
With speach befitting Mars and Venus sport,
Kinde loue quoth he now Vulcan is not heere,
I'le claime the rites befitting loue my deere,
Had I the courtier heere lou'd thee before,
While we were busie he should keepe the dore,
Or I would make incission in his guts,
And carue his carcasfe full of wounds and cuts,
With that, the maide againe comes vp the staires
Crying deere mistris now begins our cares,
My maisters comming what shift wil you make?
Now hold out wit, t'is for our credits sake:
Captaine (quoth shee) to rid all doubt and feare,
Vnto my counsell lend a willing eare,
Put but in practife what I shall aduise,
And on my life no preiudice wil rise,
Draw out your weapon, & goe swearing downe

Looke

The knave of clubs,

Looke terrible, (I need not teach you frowne)
And vow you'l be reueng'd some other time
And then leaue mee, to make the reason rime,
I will sayes he, so downe apace he goes:
with Rapier drawne, such fearful lookes he shoves
The cuckold trembles to behould the fight
And vp he comes as he had met some sprite,
Ah wife (said he) what creature did I meete?
Hath he done any harme to thee my sweete?
A verier ruffian I did neuer see,
The fight of him almost distracted me.
My louing husband as I heere sat fowing,
Thinking no harme or any euill knowing,
A Gentleman came vp the staires amaine,
Crying, oh helpe me or I shall be flaine,
I of compassion husband (life is deere)
Vnder our bed in pittie hid him heere,
His foe fought for him with his rapier drawne:
While I with teares did wash this peece of lawne,
But when he saw he could not finde him out,
(After he tossed all my things about)
He went down swaggering euen as you met him,
My sauing the poore man so much did fret him.
A blessed deede (quoth he) it prooues thee wife,

E z

Alas

The knaue of clubs,

Alas the gentleman vneasie lies,
VVife call him foorth, I hope all danger's past,
Good *Bettris* looke that all the dores be fast.
Sir you are welcome to my house I vow,
I ioy it is your Sanctuary now,
And count my selfe most happy in the thing,
That such good fortune did you heather bring,
Sir (said the courtier) hearty thanks I giue,
I will requite your kindenes if I liue,
But know not how to gratifie your wife,
For this great fauour sauing of my life:
Yet Gentlewoman this assurance take,
Some satisfaction I in part will make,
If not in whole, accept a willing minde,
That vowes to honour al your sexe and kinde:
More louing far in heart then men you be,
Extending your affections bounteous free,
Most affable and pittifull by nature,
The worlds euen supream all excelling creature
Fond men vniustly do abuse your names,
With flaundrous speeches and most false defames,
They lye, and raile, and Enuies poyson spit
But those are mad-men that doe offer it,
They that inioy their wit and perfect sence,

VWill

The Knaue of Clubs.

will hate the hart should breed a thoughts offence
Accounting it a womans greater honour,
To haue a fenceles foole exclaime vpon her,
Farwell my lifes protector, health attend thee,
With what I haue, I euer will befriend thee.

Signieur word-monger the Ape of Eloquence.



S on the way I *Itnerated*,
A *Rurall* perfon I *Obuiated*,
Interogating times *Transfitation*,
And of the paffage *Demonstration*,
My apprehension did *Ingenious-scan*,
That he was meereely a *Simplitian*:
So when I faw he was *Extraiugant*,
Vnto the obfcure vulgar *Confonant*:
I bad him vanifh moft *Promifcuoufly*,
And not *Contaminate* my company.

The Knaue of Clubs.

Craft cousens couetousnes.



Greedy minded gripple Clearke,
Had gatherd store of gould,
And studied for a place secure
His hoorded heap to hould,
At length into a ancient toombe,
He put an yron cheft,
Cram'd full of coync, and wrote thereon
These words, *Hic Deus est.*
A subtil Sexton seeing it,
And greedy of the pray,
Came very secrect in the night,
And tooke the gould away,
Then blotting out those latten words,
The Priest had writ thereon,
Wrote *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
Your God is risen and gon,

A cow-

The knave of clubs.

A cowards bould challenge that was beaten with a broome-staffe.

VVHereas of late thou didst prouoke mine ire,
To burne in choler likè mount *Aetnaes* fire,
Rowling my courage forth of valours den,
To fight with monsters, and to combat men,
Know I am for thee, from the cannòn-shot
Vnto the smallest bodkin can be got,
Name any weapon whatfoe're thou wilt,
May-pole, or ship-mast for to run a tilt,
On horse or foote, in armor or in shirt,
Thou shalt finde me true valorous expert,
Pike-staffe and Pistoll, Musket, two-hand sword,
Or any weapon Europe can afford,
Let fauchon, Polax, Launce, or Halbert try,
With Flemings-kniues either to steake or fnye,
Il'e meete thee naked to the very skin,
And stab with pen-kniues *Cæsars* wounds therein.
At length this Gull that seemd of tongue so tall,
Was by his aduersary met withall:
Whose blowes the champions fury did allay,
And with a sticke, his rapier tooke away.

The

The knaue of clubs.

The Devils health-drinker.

VVHo dares dispraise Tobacco,
While the fmoke is in my nose?
Or say but fogh my pipe dooth smell,
I would I knew but those
Durst offer such indignitie,
To that which I preferre,
For all the broode of Black-a-moores,
Will sweare I doe not erre,
In taking this fame worthy whiffe
What valiant caueleere,
That will not make his nostrils fmoke,
At cups of wine and beere?
VVhen as my purse cannot affoord
My stomacke flesh or fish,
I sup with fmoke and feede aswell
And fat, as one can wish.
Come into any company,
Though not a crosse you haue,
Yet offer them Tobacco,
And their liquor you shall haue.

The

The knave of clubs,

They fay old hospitalitie
Kept chimnies smoaking still,
Now what our chimnies want of that,
Our smoaking noses will.
Much victuals serue, for gluttony,
To fatten men like swine,
But hee's a frugall man indeed,
That with a leafe can dine.
And needes no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
But keepe his kitchin in a box,
And rost-meat in a pipe.
This is the way to helpe deere yeares,
A meale a day's inough,
Take out Tobacco for the rest,
By pipe or else in snuffe,
And you shall finde it phisicall,
A corpulent fat man,
Within a yeare will shrinke so small,
That one his guts may span,
Tis full of phisicke, rare effects
It worketh sundry waies,
The leafe greene, dry, steept, burnd, the
Haue each their speciall praise, (duft

F

It

The knave of clubs.

It makes some sober that are drunke,
Some drunke of sober fence,
And all the moisture (hurts the braine)
It fetcheth smoaking thence:
All the foure Elements vnite,
When you Tobacco take,
For Earth and Water, Aire and Fire,
Do a coniunction make,
Your pipe is Earth, the fires therein,
The Aire your breathing smoke,
Good liquor must be present too,
For feare you chance to choake.
Heere Gentlemen a health t'ee all,
T'is passing good and strong,
I would speake more, but from the pipe
I cannot stay so long.

AT Gads-hill late (where men are theeuish croft)
An honest friend, his purse with ten pounds lost,
And as the villains, were new gone away,
Three horsmen came, to whome the man did say
Oh gentlemen, most happy all you be,
To scape two theeuers, euen now haue robed me,
t'was great good fortune that til now you staide,

Nay

The knaue of clubs,

Nay frind (qd. they) thou art deceiu'd they say'd,
The theeues were happie as the matter stands:
For by our stay, they haue escaped our hands.

Hipocrisie, thou lying knaue well met,
I haue thee Rascall in my paper net,
Thou that wilt sell saluation for a shilling,
And entertaine thine owne damnation willing,
Thou goest about with many a lie and fable,
To get thy dyet at anothers table.
Yet louest no man, be he small or greate,
Thy loue extends no farther then his meate:
But villaine, take this guerdon for thy hyer,
Be first of all approou'd a common lyer,
Then for each time thy cursed tongue hath tript,
Be thou from great mens houses foundly whipt.
And last of all, when God and men detest thee,
A Hempen halter with a noose molest thee

The knave of clubs.

A shee-devill made tame by a Smith.



Smug of *Vulcan* forging trade
Besmoak'd with sea cole fire,
The rarest man to help a horse
That *Carmen* could desire,
For any Iade he phisicke had,
That euer load did draw;
The apoplexie, falling euill,
The head-ache, crampe or haw,
Poll-euill, canker in the eye,
Or vlcer in the nose:
The Iampasse, creft-fall, withers greife
The nauill-gall: all those
with diuers teadious to rehearse,
Crowne-scab, and quitter-bone
Strangulion, glaunders, yellowes, wormes,
Smug would giue ground to none,
Yet this rare smith to cure one plague
That vext him, was too young,
(Which made him weary of his life)
It was his wiues curst tongue.
If to the ale house he had gon,
To take or giue a pot,
Being of a dry complexion,
(For a Smith you know is hot)

His

The knaue of clubs

His wife was present at his heeles,
And rong him out this peale:
Rogue, rascall, villain, theefe, & flaue,
(Her almes thus would she deale)
Come home thou drunkard to thy worke,
Each knaue hath thee at becke,
A pox take such a husband,
And the Deuill breake thy necke:
Thou fittest at the ale-houfe heere,
While I at home do spare:
Not caring fo thy guts be full,
How thy poore wife doth fare.
Thy seruants do euen what they list,
Thy children they may starue,
Hanging's to good for such a rogue,
Farre worfe thou doest deserue,
Out filthy beast I loath thy lookes,
And hate thee like a toad:
Drunke e'ry day vngodly wretch,
And when thou hast thy load,
Call for Tobacco, that thou art
As blacke within as foote:
Before the Lord, wer't not for shame,
I'de stampe thee vnder foote:
Get thee to worke: out villaine out,
Thou drinkst not one drop more,
I would these whores that trust such knaues,
Might ne're be paid their score,
They neuer knew what sorrowe ment,

F 3

But

The Knaue of Clubs

But griefes to others giue,
A mischief light on Hostesses,
That doe by drunkards liue.
This was her daily kindest phraſe,
From morning vntill night,
That *Smug* would tremble like a leafe,
When ſhe appear'd in fight.
At length more wearied with her tongue,
Then trauell tires a iade,
Vnto himſelfe moſt reſolute,
A cruell vow he made,
Which was, when ſhe did ſcould againe,
(Which fure would be next morowe)
To knocke her downe moſt valiantly,
And make an end of ſorowe,
This being decreed, his wife next day
Begins a freſh alarme,
Wth rogue and theefe: *Smug* takes a barre
Of Iron, breakes her arme.
The neighbors all admire at this,
To heare the patient Smith,
Had broake an arme of his curſt wife,
To tame her tongue therewith.
Wel there's a ſurgeon fetcht in haſt,
To take the queane in cure,
Who for the ſpace of many months
Did extreame paine indure
For of all fleſh, a ſhrowes, they ſay,
Is very hard to heale:

There-

The knave of clubs

Therefore no wiseman willingly
Will haue therewith to deale.
But cur'd at length (though long before)
And like to cost her life,
The Smith did aske the Surgeon,
In the hearing of his wife,
What would content him for his paines?
Who of an honnest minde,
Did answere thus, I see y'are poore,
Therefore I'll vse you kinde,
I'll take but fortie shillings friend,
With that I'll be content:
Why then quoth *Smug* hould heere's foure
Which paiment thus is ment, (pound
One arme I pay for hath bene broke,
And tother forty, hould
Against I breake her other arme,
The next time she doth scould.
His wife heares this, and sees him pay
Beforehand for a cure,
Doth liue most gentle, quiet, meeke,
Guiding her tongue so sure,
That *Smug* became a happy Smith,
Vnto his hearts desire,
And had her euer at commaund,
In all he could require.

The

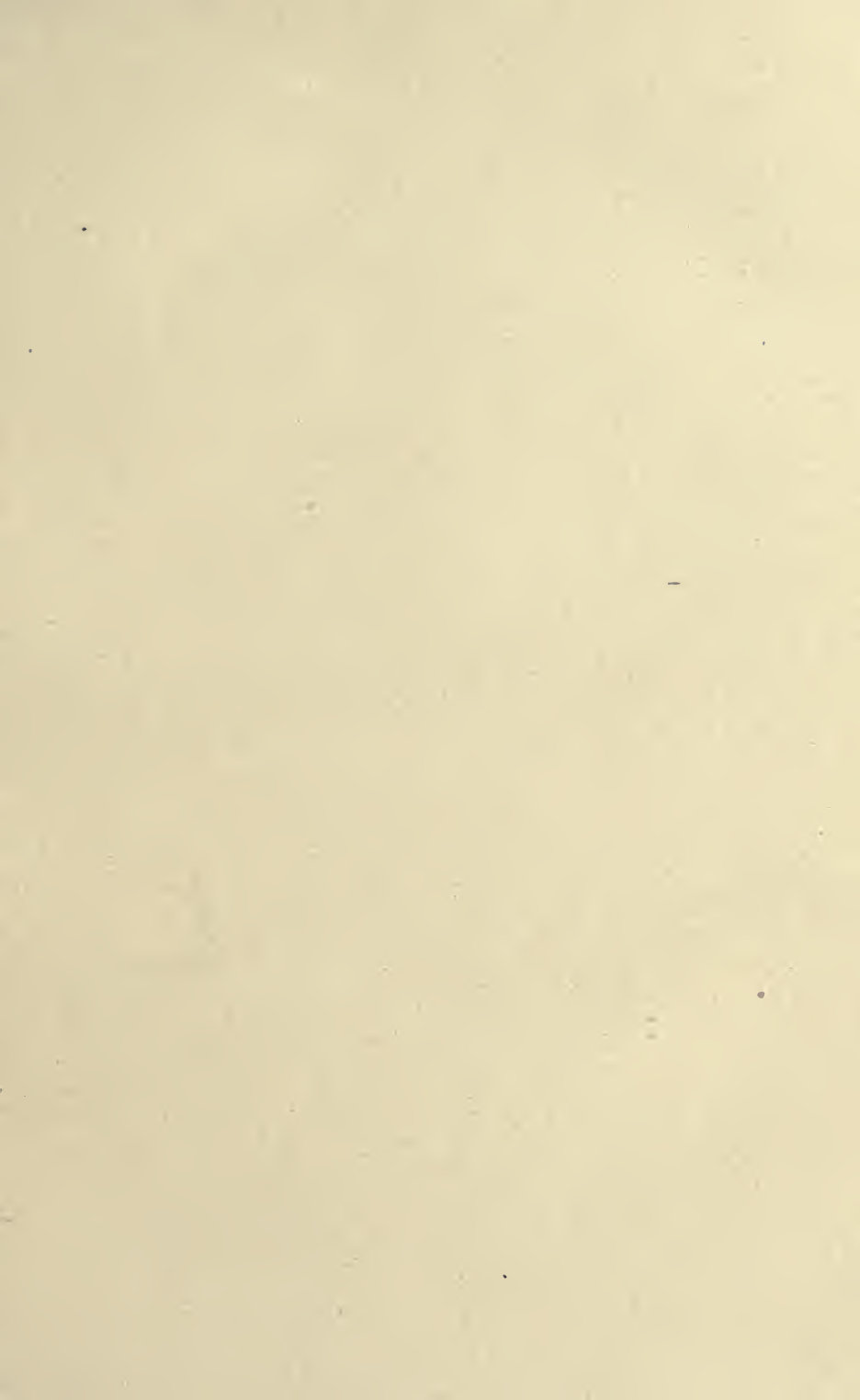
The Knaue of Clubs



he knaue of *Clubs* his part hath plaide,
But now we want *Hart, Diamond, Spade*,
To shew themselues like in true shape.
The reason why they do escape
Is this: of late they fell at iarre,
Disperst asunder very farre,
Hearts in the country at new-cut,
And *Spades* in new-gate safe is shut
And *Diamonds* he is gone to seas,
Sicke of the scuruy: which diseafe
If he escape, and get on shore,
We will present you with al foure,
And make them march vnto the presse,
Tovtter all their roguishnes,
So till they be together drawne,
Pray keepe the Knaue of *Clubs* in pawne.

FINIS.







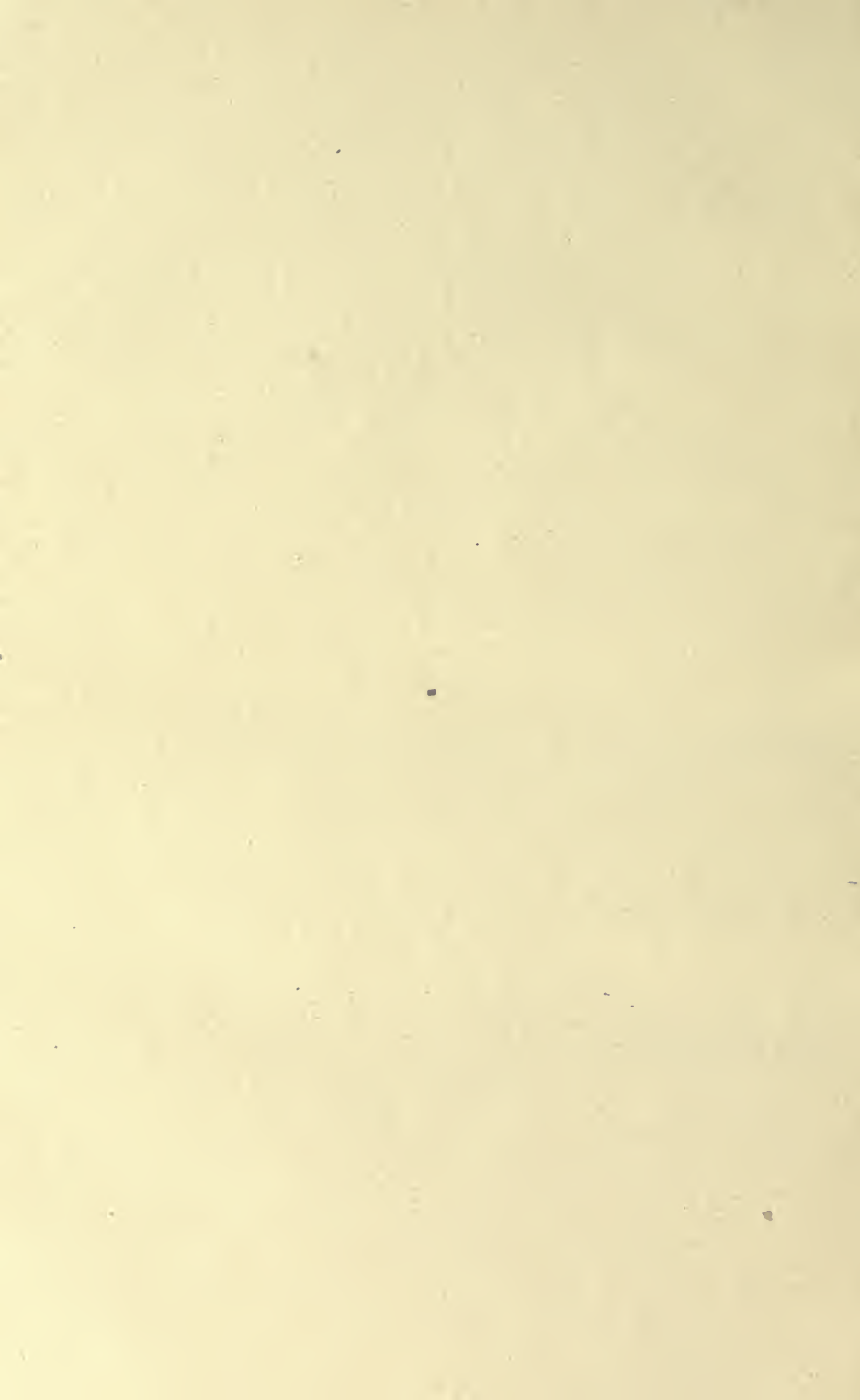


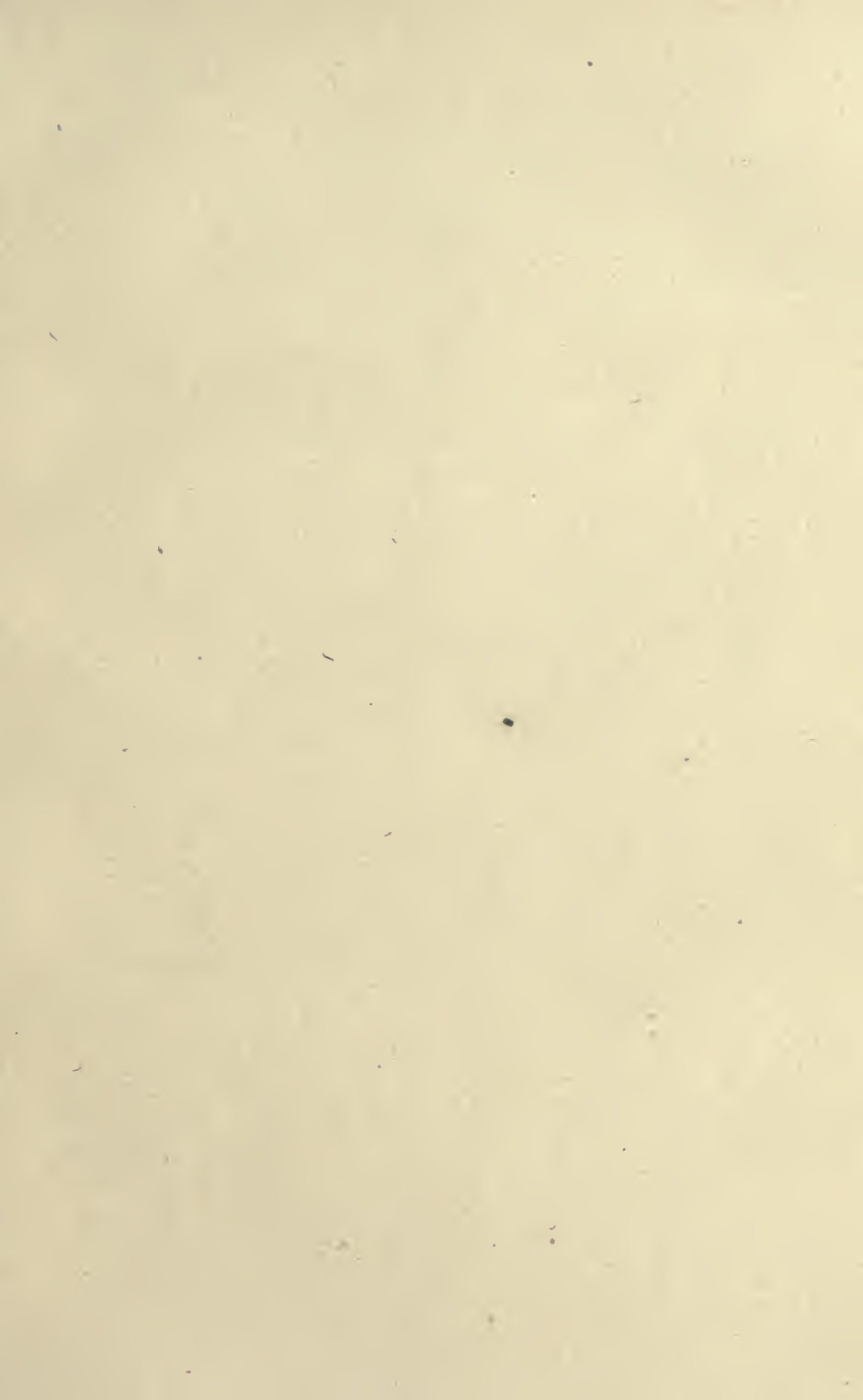






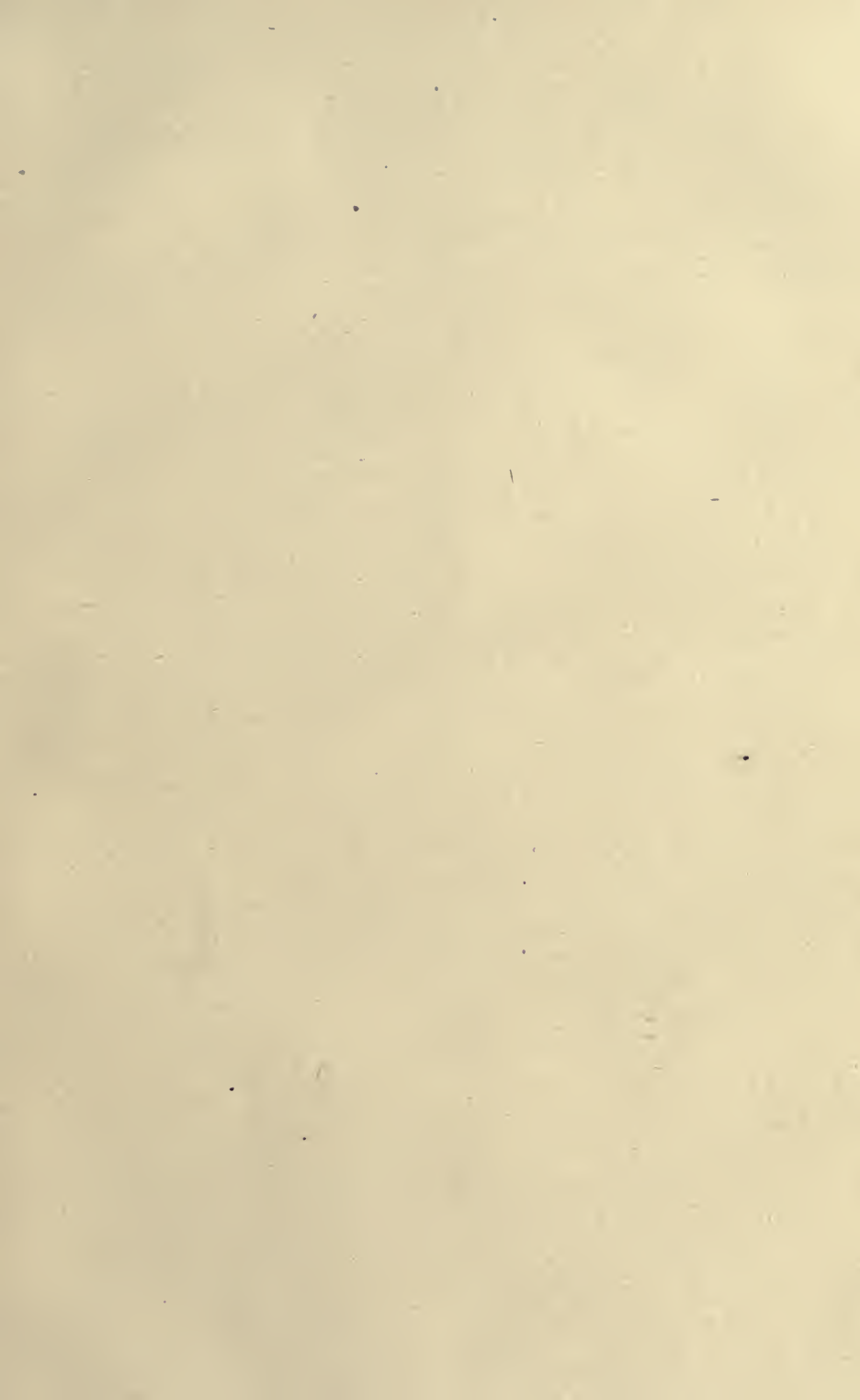




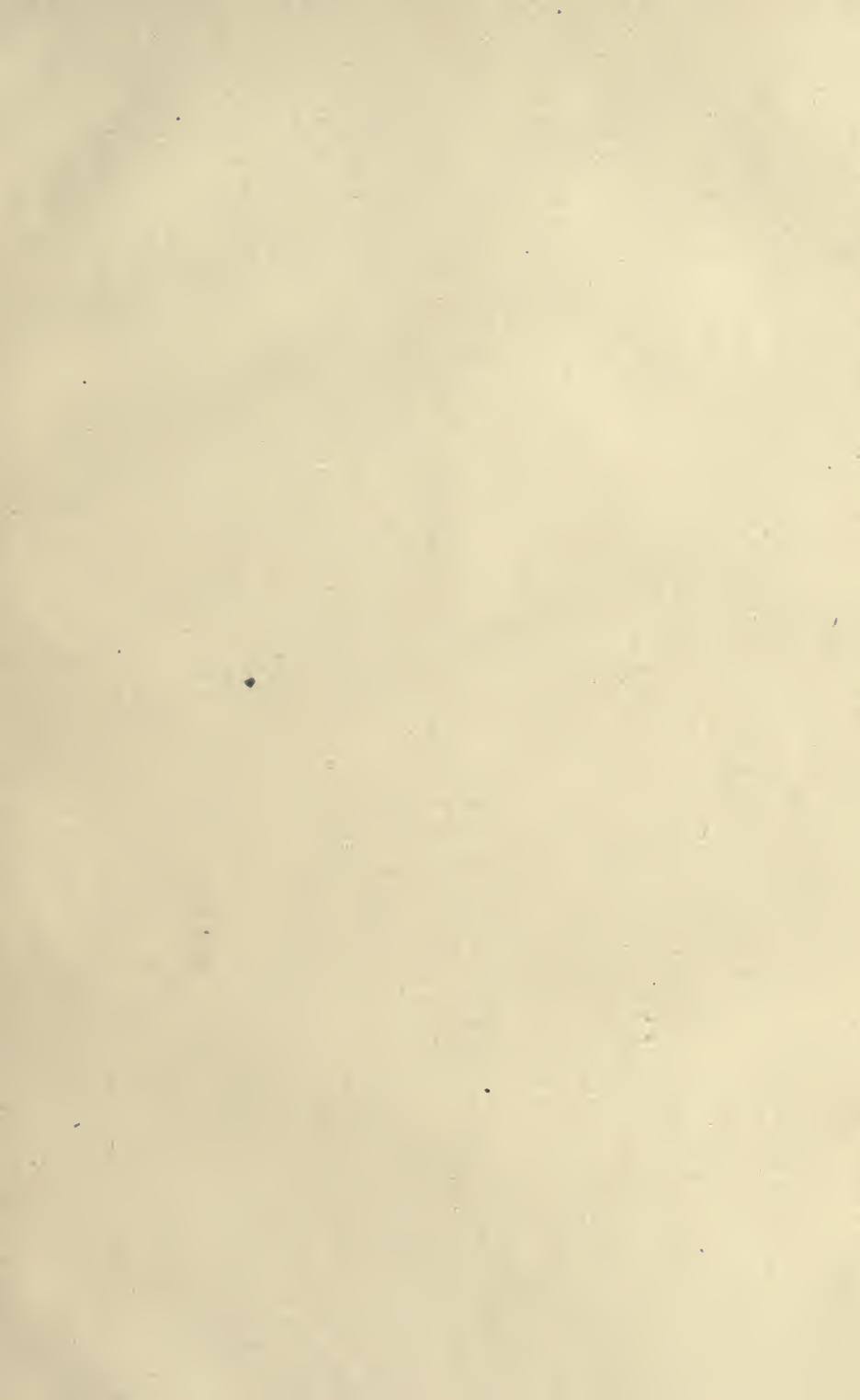














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